

SILVERGRIN

STORY & ART
GRANT GOODWINE

LETTERS
DONALD STOUT

SPECIAL THANKS TO
BEN KELSHEIMER
KURT METZ
JASON BALL
BEN TEMPLESMITH

There are no such things
as Werewolves...

Whata load!

They hid amongst the human
herd in SHEEP'S CLOTHING!



↳ But we found them.

Their piercing YELLOW EYES!

It did not take long to see
their fangs!!!!

Now that we have their
tails to the wall, WHAT WILL
THEY DO?!?!?

- God help us all.
damn them all!





This is SGT. Wells
of the Royal Hounds
S.W.A.T. Division.
We're just outside
the point of
conflict.

Ready to intercept
lycanthropes in
3...2...1...

**MOVE
OUT!!!**



FREEZE!
**ROYAL
HOUNDS!**



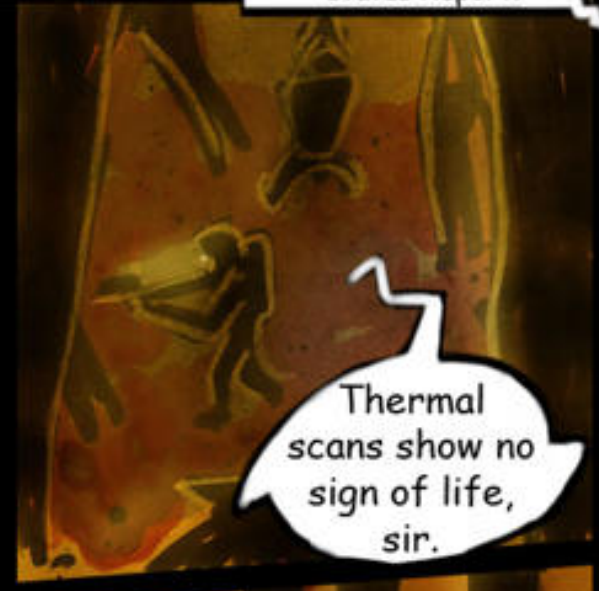
Oh Bloody Hell.



What have these sick bastards done?!?!

Private Roche,
status Report.

They all seem
to be human,
Sarge.



Thermal
scans show no
sign of life,
sir.



Right.....

Who has the
smokes?



Sarge?..... You have any kids?



I have two daughters. One 19, the other 21.



No Kids....



..... Just wolves.

Changes your perspective on this whole 'werewolf' thing, huh? How bout you, Hunter?









And I assume you must have an alternate plan? Something to hide this whole sad, tragic thing?



Naturally.



Then by all means, Mr. Maverick. Put this incident behind us.



BEEP



Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Big Bad Wolf?



lalalalalalal





This isn't Good,
Mr. Romasanta..



Because of last night's
misfortune, I have no choice
but to put more hounds on
the hunt in the city streets.

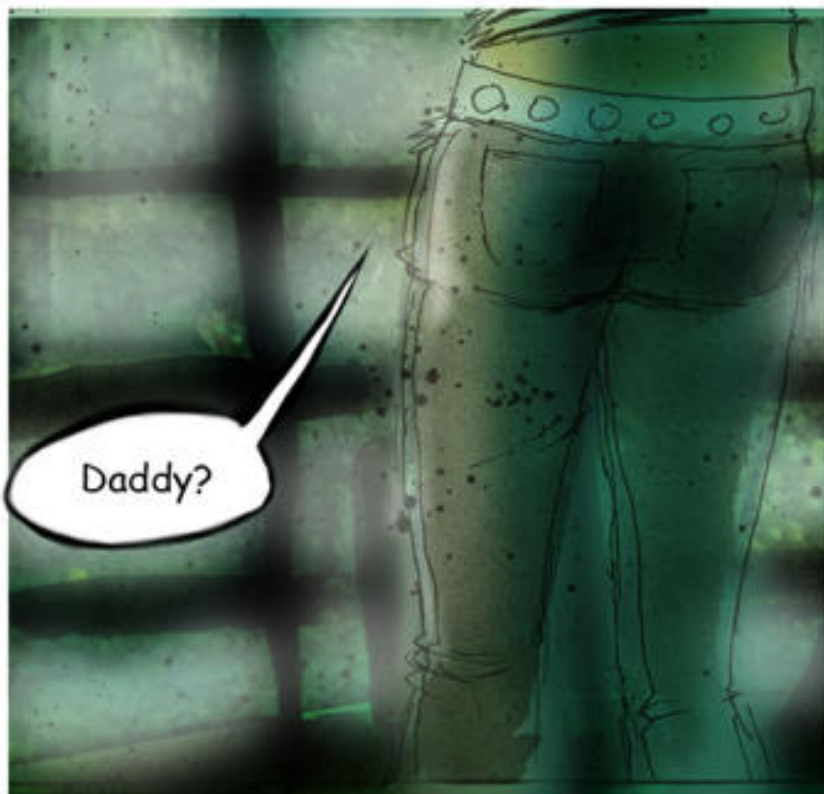
This could, however,
all be avoided if we
capture the savages
responsible for the
recent killings.

Sir Richard Killington
Chief Inspector of the Royal Hounds

Sir Richard,
are you suspecting a member
of my pack responsible?
You know for a fact they are
all spending this full moon in
the Alps.

Juan Romasanta
Alpha male of the respected
Remus pack, of London



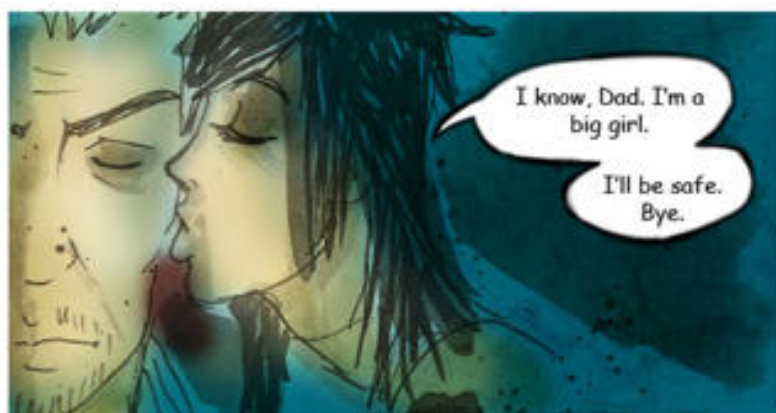




I'm going out.

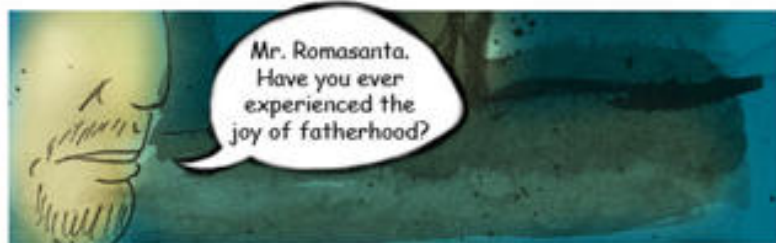


Alright, luv. Make sure noone sees you leave the manor. Be safe dear.



I know, Dad. I'm a big girl.

I'll be safe. Bye.



Mr. Romasanta. Have you ever experienced the joy of fatherhood?



I had a daughter. She was everything to me. But she died giving birth to my grandson.



In order for her to live a normal life, I can never be seen with her in public.

I've sacrificed so much for her and my son. I would do ANYTHING for my kids.



What are you getting at?



Have you heard of the Dublin Devil?

I have not.



I was informed of a horrific incident in Dublin, Ireland.

Ireland has a long history of werewolves. For that, they're discriminated far more than they are here.

They've been pushed to drugs, crime, gambling, and even cage fighting.

The big money is in cage fighting. Two wolves go in, one comes out. There was one pack who built their youngest into an undefeated champion.



One night, he just snapped and killed his whole pack.



The Authorities only found blood and scattered bits and pieces of what's left.

We had to use dental records to identify them. We've confirmed the victims were all of the same pack.



Blood, entrails, shattered bones.... They hung on the wall like party decorations. They say the savagry could only be done by the devil himself.

Hence the name, Dublin Devil.

He has never been caught. Though our sources lend us to believe he has left Ireland.



And what does this devil have to do with me, Sir Ricahrd?



So you think he's my grandson, then?



It was his own pack that was slaughtered.



And I suppose you think we are sheltering him?



For your information, Sir Killington, I haven't seen nor heard from my grandson in five years.



I would do ANYTHING for my children, Mr. Romasanta.

As a father to another father, even a grandfather, I ask, wouldn't you do the same?

I am sorry, but that is all the time I have.

However, Richard, there is something you should know.



And what is that?



My grandson doesn't need an old dog like me to watch his back. And that is why I wish you, Sir Killington the best of luck finding my grandson.



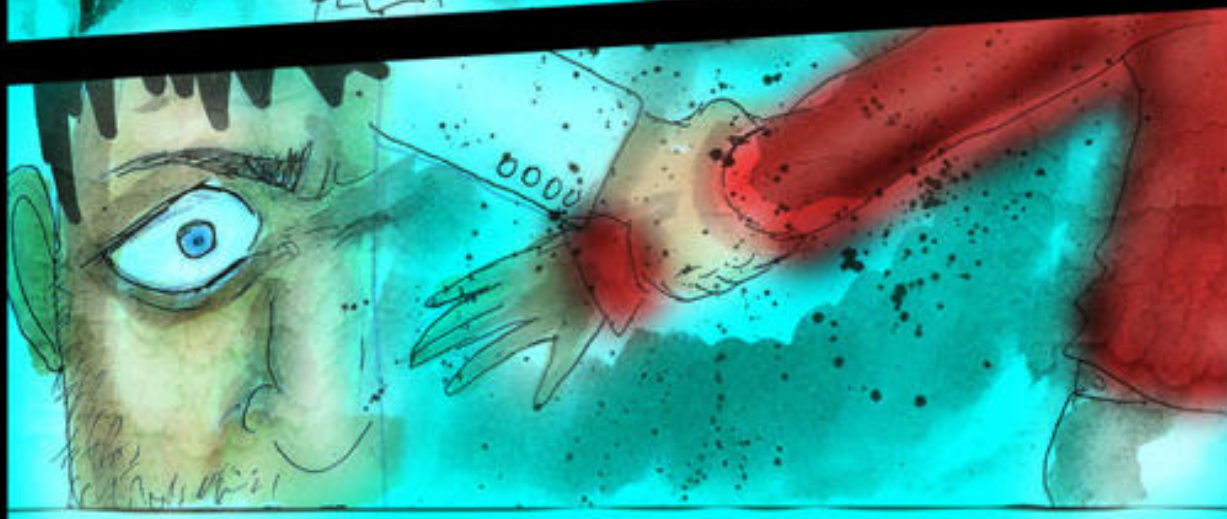
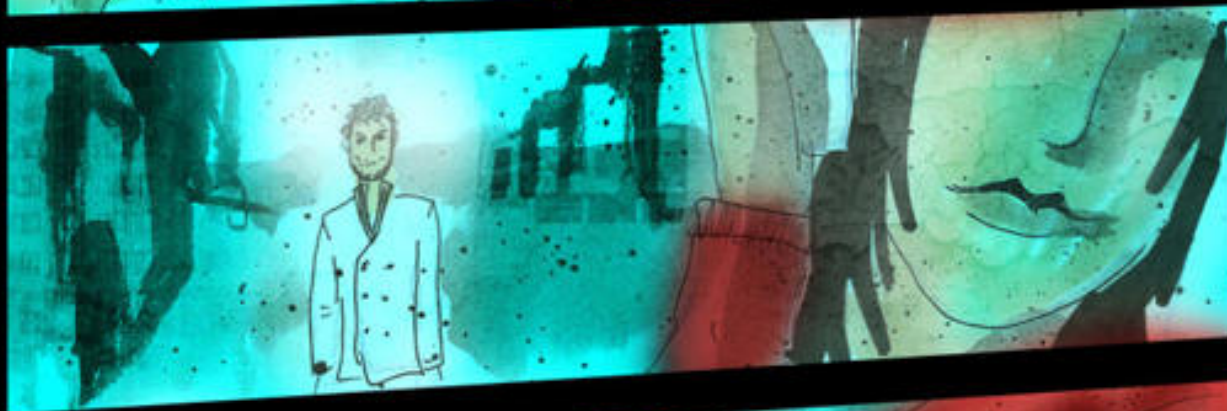
He's been hiding from me for a long, long time.....



London, Present Day.







They WERENT people!
They were
WEREWOLVES. People
don't have yellow eyes,
or grow fangs or claws.
WHY DONT YOU GET
THAT?!

THEY don't know reason. And if it
weren't for ME and MY MEN, this
city would be NOTHING but
SAVAGE, MINDLESS BEASTS!
You should be GRATEFUL you're
NOT IN ONE'S GULLET!

You haven't fought
one. You wouldn't know
what they're like ON
A FULL MOON!



Let go of me,
Arthur.



I fought for
you.



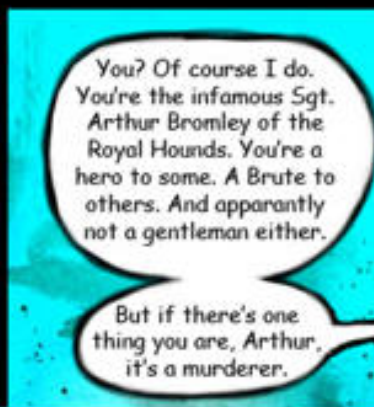
And for this
city. Why don't
you respect
me?!

I said let go.



The lady
asked you to
let her go.

That means you
should let her go.





See that officer over there?



He's just waiting for you to screw up so he can report you to your superiors.

And last time I heard, you were still on probation from your last 'incident.'



Ya, thanks. I'll keep that in mind next time I get between you and a defenseless girl.

You aren't the only one with a reputation, Sir Bromley. I can handle myself.

Then you better pray you don't run into me when I'm off duty. You'll be sorry you even crossed me.

If you'd like, I can escort you home, miss. He won't bother you if I'm around.





Sorry, miss.
Chivalry can be
its own reward.



But don't you
think I'm
pretty?



That's besides
the point.

You were in
distress, and I
acted on it.



Sure you
can...



Well thanks,
but I'm a big
girl. I can
take care of
myself.



Told ya so.













That's quite a claim, pup. However, as young as I look, I haven't lost a fight in over 60 years.

I'll take my chances.

Don't worry, ya old mutt. You'll get a fight. 'Cuz I've been waiting for this for a long, long time.



To be continued....

SILVERGRIN MUSICAL SHOUT OUT



AFTER EVERY ISSUE I WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE UNDERGROUND BANDS THAT HAVE INSPIRED ME THROUGHOUT THIS PROJECT. SO FOR ISSUE ONE, I PRESENT TO YOU THE KOFFIN KATS! I CHOSE TO PRESENT THE KOFFIN KATS IN ISSUE ONE BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH I LOVE ALL MY UNDERGROUND BANDS, IT WILL BE THE KOFFIN KATS THAT I WOULD WANT TO DO THE SOUNDTRACK FOR SILVERGRIN. IT ISN'T BECAUSE THE OTHER BANDS AREN'T GOOD...DON'T GET ME WRONG...THEY TOO ARE INCREDIBLE...BUT THE KOFFIN KATS ABSOLUTELY NAILED THE MOOD YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO FEEL IN THIS COMIC. THEY JUST SOMEHOW MASTERED THE ART OF SOUNDING COMPLETELY PISSSED ABOUT EVERYTHING AND WHEN YOU LISTEN, YOU CAN TELL THAT THEY COME FROM A CITY WITH AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF CHAOS AND DEPRESSION WHICH IS HOW I KIND OF WANTED TO PORTRAY LONDON WITHIN MY LITTLE TALE. WITH THE ECONOMY AS TOUGH AS IT IS, IT'S HARD ALL AROUND...BUT THE KOFFIN KATS SHOW US HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT AND JUST CHANNEL OUT ALL YOUR FRUSTRATION. WHAT I ABSOLUTELY LOVE ABOUT THESE GUYS IS THAT THEY ARE JUST DAY LABORERS IN DETROIT MICHIGAN AND THE FAME NEVER WENT TO THEIR HEADS. THEY DON'T SING FOR THE RICH AND THE FORTUNATE...THEY PARTY FOR THE POOR AND UNFORTUNATE COMMON PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME. MEMBERS ARE VIC VICTOR ON THE DOUBLE BASS AND VOCALS, EZ IAN ON THE GUITAR, AND E-BALL WALLS ON THE DRUMS. YOU CAN CHECK THEM OUT AT [HTTP://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/KOFFINKATS](http://www.myspace.com/koffinkats). YOUR BUDDY,
GRANT

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The
Koffin
Kats